

Poultry.

Chickens in Colony Houses.

One thousand or more chickens are raised each year at the Virginia Experiment Station, all hatched and reared by artificial means. The method of caring for the young stock during the latter part of the season is described in Bulletin 96 by J. H. Stewart and Horace Atwood.

After the chicks become old enough and hardy enough to do without artificial heat they are removed from the piped brooder house and placed in colony houses. These are eight feet square, have a door and window in front, and are provided with perches. When the chicks are placed in these houses temporary runs are made by means of poultry wire. The chicks are thus confined for a week or two until they become wayward to their new home. Then the wire is removed and the chicks are allowed unrestricted range for the rest of the season.

If the colony houses are too near together the chicks sometimes get in the habit of crowding into certain houses at night instead of remaining uniformly distributed among the different houses. This can be prevented, quite largely, by closing all openings so as to exclude animals prowling about at night, for the entrance of a skunk or weasel into a house will cause the chicks to huddle in that house when they go to roost on the following night. Also the chicks are enabled to find their own homes more promptly when the houses are painted different colors.

During the past few years we have found that by raising chicks in a piped brooder house and then transferring them to colony houses the labor of attending to individual brooders is not only avoided, but the chicks have been healthier and more of them have been raised to maturity. Outdoor brooders have not been successful. They are difficult to attend to in stormy weather, and in a few years become old and out of repair; and if indoor brooders are to be used on any considerable scale it seems wiser to construct a piped brooder house kept warm by a heater, burning coal or gas, rather than to bother with a number of individual lamps, each of which is almost as much trouble to attend as the large heater.

Handy Bug Miller.

My smoker is made from an old square oil can. A round one would do. I cut a hole in the top with a can opener and fitted a cover tightly. A five-inch hole was cut on one side and an old tinned soldered over it for a spout. A half-inch tube five inches



BUG SMOKER.

long is inserted in the opposite side near the bottom and soldered securely. When using set a dish of live coals inside with moist tobacco stems or sulphur on top. For animals tobacco is best. The spout may be poked in the wood or paper or hair of dog out, and the wood or hair killed. Common bellows are used to make the draft. For bedbugs or spider lice in poultry houses use sulphur and blow the smoke into the crevices and lurking places of the insects.—L. A. L., Middlesex County, Ct.

Practical Poultry Points.

This moulting period means that the man keeping poultry for financial results will give special attention to some things. Cookeries not intended for breeding purposes should be disposed of, that the growing pullets may not be crowded.

Crowding a growing pullet for room or the right sort of food is a costly mistake. The pullets should be kept vigorously at work and from now on supplied with quite a variety to pick over. Early hatched will soon be laying, which means egg food must be supplied. Loco must be kept away. The laying quarters should be kept clean, rather attracting the stinging pullets to them.

Hens not to be wintered should be closely watched to note progress of the moult. My plan is, after about half the pin feathers are well started, say an inch long, such hens are confined singly for a few days. If no eggs are noticed the hen is killed, plucked thoroughly clean, dressed as clean as possible, then washed, allowed to dry, and put in a paper bag. It is then put on my load of general farm produce. I can readily dispose of one to two hundred such well-prepared hens during the fall at twenty cents per pound.

Now that turkeys are beyond the danger period in their growth, of good size and yet growing rapidly, they will take more and more kindly to corn. And what an old grain bag a turkey's crop is, anyway! Feed them plenty of grain from now until Thanksgiving. If they are inclined to wander away, feeding at regular hours of some grain will do much to keep them nearer their roosting place. And if the turkeys haven't a suitable roosting place one should be prepared at once.

About all poultry is unkindly to corn at this cooler season. Ducks are no exception. And now with "frames" all made, more corn may be safely fed them, either meal, cracked or whole. But if ducks are to be marketed this fall, don't let them run the fat off while pumping in the corn. Keep them confined reasonably close and clean. By the way, have you ever noticed how ducks will "go" for overripe cucumbers when sliced for them? F. H. P., Tolland County, Ct.

Poultry Items.

The Live Stock Journal says: "Mrs. Henry Ramsey of Chelsea, who sold \$100 worth of turkeys last year, puts little bells on her hen turkeys, and the little tinkles of these little bells keeps the 'rangers' away from the nests, as well as affording a sort of protection to the broods after they are hatched. Coyotes and other prowling beasts will not molest the turkey with the bell, as has been abundantly proved by Mrs. Ramsey." As those who report unusually good success in raising chickens early in the spring are most often found among those who feed no soft or warm foods, while others get but few chickens until the weather is so warm that they have ceased to stimulate egg production by warm meases and by spiced foods, it may be almost taken for granted that such foods reduce the percentage of fertility in the eggs, and, we may add, of vitality in the chickens.

The combination of orcharding and poultry keeping is always a good one. The

trees furnish the shade the fowl like in the summer, and the fowl help the trees by fertilizing the soil and g them and by feeding upon the borers, grubs, caterpillars and other insect pests. The fruit is better where the hens work under the trees, and the fowl are benefited by the animal food they get there.

Dorticultural.

Keeping Apples in Trench.

The well-known Missouri orchardist, Jacob Faith, writes in Colman's Rural World as follows: "Never was it so important as this year to keep apples until spring. They are plentiful and cheap, and if they can be preserved until spring they will command a fair price. I have kept apples until the next year's crop ripened with little or no rot at a cost not exceeding three cents per bushel, as follows:

Plot them as soon as ripe; store in the coldest place in an out-building, or the north side of trees will do; cover about eight inches with straw, hay, or like material, to exclude the sun and light, as apples keep better in the dark. As soon as freezing weather comes sort the apples carefully.

Then dig a trench twelve inches deep and about three feet wide and of convenient length; put in two or three inches of straw, hay or crabgrass, I use the latter; this is to keep the apples clear of the ground; then put in the apples about three feet high and cover with the same material used to bed them. I use crabgrass, and as it is fine, it keeps the soil from sifting through to the apples.

I use about five inches of it. On the top of this, put about three inches of dirt which should be patted with the back of the shovel so it will shed water. When the ground freezes down to the apples, in fact, let some of the apples freeze, cover the trench with about twelve inches of hay or corn fodder arranged to shed water, and keep the frost in until spring. About the last of April the apples may be sorted, and all those that show signs of rot placed in the cellar, or any other cold place.

You will find the apples kept this way fresh and crisp, much better than if kept in a cellar. I put very few apples in our cellar, and that is when I take them out of the trench, as we wish to use them, as the trench is unhandy to open and close. Care must be taken when opening to keep out frost, air and warmth.

The Fall Pippin.

This variety is, in its season, the standard for quality as a cooking apple in some parts of New England and the Middle States. Its fine, large, handsome fruit always finds a market at top prices wherever it is known. It is a great favorite for cooking, while its crisp, juicy quality makes it a fairly good table variety. The Fall Pippin seems to have originated in America from seed of the Holland Pippin, but its history is uncertain. Trees over one hundred years old are found in Connecticut and New York. The tree is vigorous, but only fairly productive. More or less fruit is, however, produced every year, neither overbearing nor falling entirely. The worst defect of the variety is the liability to scab in some localities. The apples, like the one shown in the photograph herewith, are often 3½ inches in diameter, with few small specimens. Color, yellow with red cheek; form, irregular; flesh, white, mellow, aromatic. In sections where it is known and appreciated it is a paying kind of plant for home market.

Profit in Grape Juice.

In a former article on grape growing, allusion was made to the manufacture of grape juice or unfermented wine as offering a profitable use for grapes of ordinary to poor quality. By request, the practice of making grape juice is now given more in detail.

Concord grapes are most commonly used in New England and will yield a good standard quality juice. The fruit should be as ripe as possible, but a few reddish grapes will do no harm.

After gathering, the fruit should be picked from the stems and run lightly through a screw movement press or any grinding machine which will pulp the grapes without breaking the seeds. Broken seeds will injure the flavor. After grinding, the pulp should be pressed slowly and thoroughly in a screw or weight press. A good press can be made from a stout barrel by fitting it with an iron screw and a wooden follower. A screw like those used in office chairs or plane stools can be obtained at furniture factories. The juice should be allowed to run off slowly, turning the screw a little from time to time. Of course, a regular elder or wine press is the best machine to use.

The extracted juice must be filtered very carefully, since there will be no fermentable matter in the liquid as in the case of ordinary wine. Sand will do as a filter; it will take away the fruit flavor. Straw should be used first, and afterwards the juice must be squeezed through a strainer cloth once or twice to clear out the sediment. This is an important part of the process, the object being to get bright, transparent liquid free from rally settling. The juice must now be sealed up securely. The air-tight bottles used for beer and soda water are the most convenient. The glass jars for preserving fruit may also be used.

Many use common bottles, sealing the cork air-tight with a cement of resin and beeswax.

The amount of sugar to be added will depend on the ripeness of the fruit and the demands of the market sought. Sometimes the juice is put up without any extra sweetening, but usually with Concord grapes considerable sugar must be added at the time of sealing to make the product sufficiently sweet to the taste. The juice must be heated enough to well dissolve the sugar.

In putting up the juice, all the bottles or jars to be used must be sterilized by boiling in a kettle of water which is nearly boiling hot. When the juice is also boiling hot, cork the bottle, taking care to leave no air space between the cork and the liquid. If an ordinary cork bottle is used, it must be corked at once after inserting with resin and wax. If any of the bottles have been improperly done and fermentation should start, the juice may be reheated and again sealed. If it is desired to obtain a really fancy article, the juice should all be strained and resealed at the end of a few months after the remaining sediment has had time to separate. The bottled juice should be stored in a cool place.

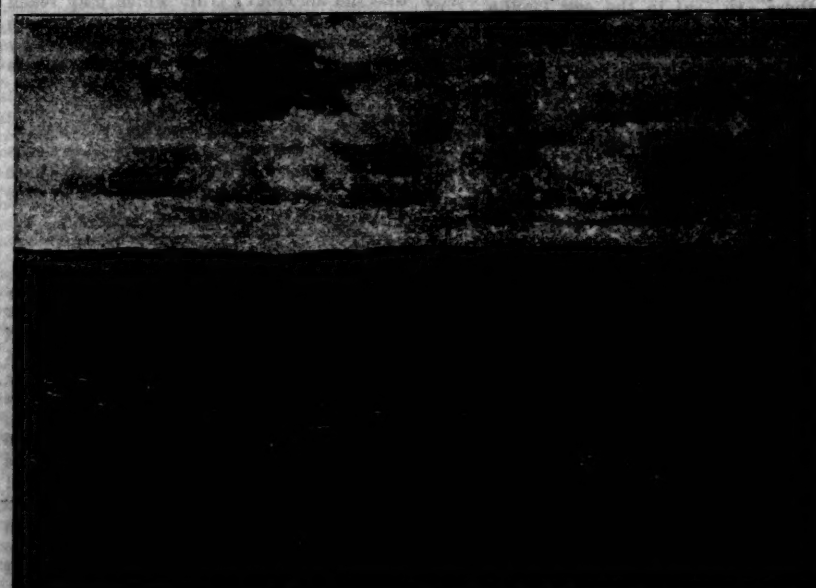
It will keep several years, but in opening old juice care should be taken to remove the mould which is likely to time to accumulate on the top of the juice, and which will injure the flavor if allowed to mix with it when poured out. Grape juice made in this way will be found beautifully clear and bright, and much superior to the muddy article often found on the market.

The price of grape juice in New England varies from forty to ninety cents per quart, no regular rates being established. Even at the lower of these prices the maker gets a good return for his grapes and sugar, considering the fact that only small, scabby bunches of fruit need be used.

The most difficult part of the business is to sell the product, and no one can expect to accomplish anything at it except by vigorously pushing out for a market.

Considerations for Apple Growers.

Ascertain the varieties of fruits and produce wanted in the markets desired to be patronized.



FARM LANDS AMONG THE "FROZEN LAKES," CENTRAL NEW YORK.

Land largely in trees and grass, distant hills one thousand feet above valley. The valley has been formed by the recession of Cayuga Lake. A very attractive farm and residence section. See article, "Farming in the Middle States."

Select such varieties of fruit as will thrive best in your climate and soil.

Plant these varieties liberally, work them thoroughly, grow them as well as they can be grown.

When crop is ready, grade carefully and pack properly to suit the respective market and the nature of the product packed.

Ship according to the most approved methods and distribute intelligently.

Select, in the market, the merchant in whom you have confidence, who is financially responsible, who enjoys a reputation for promptness and square dealing, who is able and has the facilities to handle your consignments to advantage.

When you have selected your commission merchant, advise him regularly by letter or telegram, of the shipment you propose making him.

Do not place your goods in competition with each other, by dividing shipments in any market.—W. L. Leffell, before the southern Illinois Horticultural Society.

Fashion Notes.

A broadcloth holds the eye in public wear and undoubtedly to the favorite material for elaborate suits. Black will not, of course, be popular, and there is a consistent inclination on the part of tailors and modistes to discard lighter colors for darker shades in favor of shades of black and dignity. Velvet will probably be a close second for the previous season, as it is especially suitable for the previous season, as we are all to have with us. Velvet, then, is sure to be worn in the most elaborate work, and very considerably in the great degree, while chamois and silk are also worn.

Black, then, is the color of the season, and is sure to be worn in the most elaborate work, and very considerably in the great degree, while chamois and silk are also worn.

royal, blue, and old blue, ruby and Indian red, brown, tan, green, gray and cherry.

In lighter materials the shoes show exquisite patterns in plain and figured cottons, silk, wrap (poplin, batiste, calicoes, and satin crepes, muslins, and a hundred other attractive cloths whose names are too numerous to mention," or even learn. Everywhere, in every material, one sees striped effects in silks, velvets, tweeds, light velvets, and chiffons, everything runs to stripes or cross bar patterns.

One sees a good many vests with the short coats, made of velvet, braid, embroidery and lace. Some of them are very elaborate, and they certainly add a finish to a plain cloth or plaid costume.

A striking feature of the models from Paris is the shortened waist line. This is shown in most of the elaborate toilettes and is decidedly new. The armhole, too, has altered and become larger, and the sleeves are often cut so as to begin at the collar and present an unbroken line across the shoulder. They are usually elaborate enough, however, slightly fuller and often draped, really trimmed and ornamented, and a rather long three-quarters in depth—an ugly length, if the truth be told, necessitating long gloves and a generous muff when the temperature sinks.

The princess gown is becoming less the simple garment which the beautiful English princess made popular several decades ago, and in this season being complicated and adorned till sometimes only one view betrays its origin and scheme of creation. The one-piece lining is still preserved seasonally, for it properly fitted it gives a style to the dress not otherwise obtainable, and the girle or belle-like trimming frequently encircles only half the waist, while the other—either back or front—is on the severely graceful lines of the original design.

The Delmonico says: "The vital question whether Empire lines shall or shall not be, is at last decided as far as New York is concerned. All high-class establishments have declared themselves upon the affirmative side, and are now busily preparing gowns out with the distinctive waist line that is the distinctive feature of the Empire dress. It has taken some time to persuade the American woman to adopt the new fashion, but from present indications it will be seen in all dressy gowns throughout the winter, and promises to become general towards spring. Rejected at first as too radical, the picturesque but daringly unconventional lines of the Empire gown have been gradually modified until Josephine herself would fail to recognize, in the present day product, the distinctive dress of her period. The belt line of the modern Empire gown is considerably higher than nature indicates; the skirts fuller and more graceful than the one from which it takes its name, and the long lines that define the softly draped bust are decidedly more chaste. The up-to-date Empire gown admits of individual treatment, and it may be made to assume shapes readily adaptable to different figures."

White Pequin favors the three-quarter length coat to be worn with a skirt of the same material, most of the Paris fashions show short, semi-fitting coats with draped sleeves. Some of these are decidedly bloused, without a shoulder seam and with the sleeves put on a separate lining within an enlarged armhole.

Few field coats are shown in the shops. Traces will have to be made to order, and it is well to have them very well tailored, for a sloppy field suit is about as ugly a garment as can be seen. One neat little autumn suit in a dark maroon had a short coat belted by a broad piece of black braid, cinched at a point in front and ornamented with a large gilt button. The back of the coat showed a trace of the Empire period—the eighteenth century is everywhere apparent, and is said to be the "line of the day."

As the arrival of the two-inch belt, which went straight across rather above the waist line of the jacket, and ended in a short square tail, very Parisian, and rather quaint. A hint of corset in the narrow waist and a few gilt and beaded buttons brightened this attractive little dress.

For steady wear there is nothing like a cheviot double breasted suit, semi-fitting, with lap length coat, and these are to be found at medium prices at all the best shops. Also stripes and checks in neck styles are very satisfactory and serviceable.

Broadcloth trimming in fabric, attached straps and bands, are used a great deal on separate bodies of chiffon cloths. Sometimes the cloth is cut up in draped, draped and other designs, and ornamented with the blouse element. In others to harmonize with the skirt there are very beautiful and tasteful.—N. Y. Evening Post.

North D. Barton of Elm Street, Ct., has just received 100 pounds of honey from the State of Vermont. He says that the honey is of the best quality, and is very pure.

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Illustration shows our high-cut "WATER KING" shoe made of heavy board calf with extra heavy double soles, between the upper and lining, also water-proofed material.
Our high-cut "Water King" will be found most desirable where foot protection is needed in stormy weather, and will give the service and withstand hard knocks that a lighter shoe cannot possibly do.
The price of this shoe is \$4.00 and 25 cents extra when ordered direct from factory, in case your dealer cannot supply you.
Write today for "Our Family Footwear" catalogue showing hundreds of styles of men's, women's and children's shoes which are produced by us in our seven large, modern factories.
RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.,
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HIGH CUT "Water King" \$4.00

The Saunterer.

In a street car the other day the Saunterer was amused at the apt remarks of a young woman to a young man, who pretended to be asleep in his seat while she was occupying a standing position and uncomfortably clinging to a strap. Just before it was time for her to get out he apparently awoke, and she said:

"You must have been out late last night."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, didn't see you; take my place," he murmured.

"No, I thank you," was the response. "I might catch the nod, nod fever and I have not far to go. Keep your seat and have your nap out, little boys need a great deal of slumber."

Then, as if to mollify her, the youth exclaimed: "I am coming down to see you some evening this week, but I don't know what one."

"So nice of you," was the reply. "Sorry I can't say when I will be at home."

Just then the conductor rang the bell, and the quick witted belle stepped to the street, leaving behind her the memory of a sarcastic smile.

"That is a large milliner's bill that you have contracted," said one woman to another as they came from a fashionable reception. "I'm afraid your husband will tear his hair when you tell him the amount."

"Oh," was the rejoinder. "I do not intend to let him know anything about it. I shall settle that little debt myself."

"But have you the money to do this?" was asked.

"Certainly, I've been card playing; that's the bridge that carried me over."

A crowd was collected the other day at the entrance of a tall business building, in front of which stood an ambulance wagon. The Saunterer inquired of nearly all the bystanders what the matter was, and no one could give him any information. He passed down the street and returned in about fifteen minutes and the same people were still standing in the same old place as ignorant as before. Their curiosity may have been finally gratified, but the Saunterer is still uninformed regarding the cause of the trouble. The idlers, like the poor, we have always with us.

The advance in the price of provisions is said to be owing to an increased demand, though where the call comes from it is difficult to determine. To be sure, immigrants are pouring into this country by the thousands, but they are not the kind of people that would consume the fine calories that are going up in price. The protest against the high rates are often amusing, and at a fruit stand the other day the Saunterer overheard the following dialogue:

"Those apples are good looking. How much are they?"

"Six cents apiece."

"Well, I'll take a half of one of the biggest of them, and mind you eat it even."

An old-fashioned man, who has always used a safety razor last week, and without reading the directions that accompanied it he attempted to use it. His experience was torturing. He neglected to put in a blade, and after scraping his face for some time he threw the instrument down in disgust, and exclaimed:

"Of all the degenerated humbugs I ever struck that is the worst. These new fangled contrivances are only money catchers."

There are women who make a business of visiting stores and pricing goods without intending ever to buy, but that does not justify any clerk in being impolite to one who examines articles that are for sale. Sometimes a would-be purchaser cannot determine on a first visit just what she wants, as far as quantity is concerned, and has to defer until later the making of a selection. A case in point was presented for the Saunterer's consideration the other day. A friend of his, of the gentler sex, asked to be shown some dress material, and after she had looked at several pieces she was in doubt as to the number of yards she wanted, and she said:

"I really will have to ask again, for I must consult my dreammaker about the number of yards wanted."

"You ought to know as well as any other woman," was the gruff response of the surly attendant.

"I beg your pardon, sir, did I fully understand the import of your words?" was the rejoinder.

The salesman did not deign a reply to this, but deliberately blessed in the inquirer's face, who was really an old patron of the establishment.

Complaining to his employers then and there, but if she had proceeded after this fashion, he would, probably, have been discharged forthwith, and he would have fully deserved this punishment. He was not above, but below his business.

Frank Brooks of Greenwood, Mo., marketed a quarter of a ton of watermelons recently, and claims that the crop was very profitable. He believed to be the champion watermelon raiser of Maine.

The percentage of improved land, that is, land under crops and grass, is in this country twenty-two in England it is seventy-six; in Germany about sixty.

It was discovered at the adjourned town meeting that the heirs of the Thomas Shoen property in Flayville, Ct., had been paying taxes to the town for the last twenty-two years, while at the time the estate belonged to the town as a result of a legal suit for back taxes in 1894.

JAS. E. SILVERTHORN.

ROSSVILLE, IND.

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We also breed Cotswolds, Shropshires and Southdowns. Our prices are reasonable. STOCK FOR SALE. CHARLES E. LADD, Prop., North Yarmouth, Me.



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They are interesting, require much training, yet with all their brilliancy of action are very helpless. Constant attention is necessary. A saddle must be well ground. Nothing finer for his skin or his coat than Glycerine, a stable blessing. Bathe with a sponge. Make a delightful strengthening rub-down. Supplied by EASTERN DRUG CO., BOSTON.

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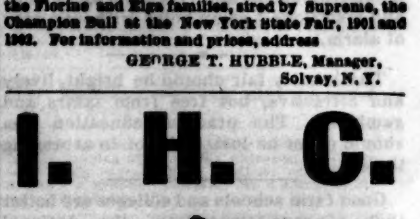
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International Harvester Co. of America (Incorporated) Chicago, U. S. A.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

TELEPHONE NO. 3767 MAIN.

Perhaps a man can sit on three stools and win.

Don't expect to exasperate on the sidewalk next week.

You didn't do anything, Shan Kelly, but don't do it again.

Even the new football rules do not please some of the kickers.

Perhaps he may be President, but never a General in the army.

Dairying and milk farming require the 5-o'clock-in-the-morning kind of industry.

The small size of Fust-n does not detract from his greatness. He will loom tall in history.

Mrs. Shaw did not buy the pistol, but she was apparently the cause that propelled its deadly bullet.

If real estate was not so greatly overvalued by the assessors the dilatory taxpayers might be fewer.

Madoc, the Welsh prince, who is reputed to have discovered America in 1279, never sang "Hail Columbia."

Richard Croker says he never made any money out of politics. Still, he cannot be called "Poor Richard."

The noiseless pavement will be a good thing if the drivers remember to be careful in the shopping district.

One might think that many people had relatives in Mars from the way they flock to Professor Lowell's lectures.

Quite appropriately there were a number of big guns at the Krupp wedding, including, among others, the Kaiser.

They are comparing John B. Moran to Benjamin F. Butler, and still the shade of the latter has not yet appeared to protest.

It is to be hoped that Boston will not kill Sir Thomas Lipton with kindness. If it gives him too many banquets he may need cupping.

It is said by Nathan Kraus that three-fourths of the milk supply in New York should go into the river. What, and spoil the water?

Good roads and good fences are the best advertisement a section can have. They attract buyers and increase the value of real estate.

No wonder Margaret Anglin got mad when she was persistently pursued by an insane man. She wasn't looking for an advertisement, either.

The ignorant farmer has to scotch for a living harder and harder every year, but as for ignorant knowledge and skill are worth more than ever before in these times.

Many level-headed farmers believe more and more in sheep. Sheep will both feed and clothe a man, which is more than can be said of other farm animals.

Send for such experiment station bulletins as you think will be useful. Most stations will gladly mail to outsiders the surplus copies not required within their own State.

Many a family who are scared half out of their senses at every thunderstorm will run a hundredfold greater risk from dirty wells and malarious swamp holes without a sign of alarm.

The country fair should be bright, lively and attractive, but free from fakirs and gamblers. The practical education idea should never be lost sight of in arranging the exhibit.

Good farm schools and colleges are better than appropriations from the national treasury to buy cheap seeds to kill weeds or drive out bugs. Better help farmers to help themselves.

Gorky is going to write a book about this country when he gets home, and there will be, no doubt, a good deal of verbal dynamite in his blowing up. Please don't attack our morals, Maxim.

The Cubans have had their revolution, and now they must pay for it out of the \$13,000,000 that President Palma left in the treasury. The question now arises, was the game worth the candle?

During the autumn months the farmer should be a merchant and spend well to the sale of his products. It is the dividend season on the farm, and at least half the success depends on good selling.

Extremes meet. In 1910 Vancouver will have an Occidental Oriental Exhibition. That's the time when the West will be East and the East will be West. What a round world we live on anyway.

The best housewife living cannot make a happy home for a cranky, cross-grained, fussy husband. A good crop of happiness depends on disposition; well weeded and cultivated, but not well harrowed.

Sometimes it seems possible to become a good farmer from habit. That is one reason why successful farmers are so many of them the sons of good farmers. They early got into the right rut and stayed there.

Lillian Russell's daughter Dorothy is seeking a divorce from Mr. Kinselin. The fair Lillian with a divorceable daughter! Can such a thing be and overcome as like a summer cloud without our special wonder?

The new evening dress coat in London will be a blue swallow-tail with brass buttons. That will be the real Daniel Webster coat, which ex-Mayor Curtis' father used to wear, and it is to be hoped that the buff waistcoat will go with it.

In all the useless expenditures that are made by the city governments it should be remembered that the tax-payers have to foot the bill, and that comparatively little comes out of the pockets of the officials, judging by the amount of property they own.

Sam Lewis did better than Al Adams.

He earned his money in a hard and growing way, but he is anxious to be distributed in a different way, while he is in a position to do so.

If all automobile drivers would follow the example recently set by one of the suburban towns, the roads would be greatly improved. A horse, meeting an automobile, is a disagreeable, and sometimes a dangerous, experience, and being driven by a driver who is not a driver at all, is a most unpleasant thing.

Considerable talk on both sides of the poultry storage question was brought out at the recent hearing before the city council of Chicago. An ordinance was proposed forbidding storage of undrawn fowls and incensing other restrictions. It may be doubted at the outset whether any question of the kind upon which the facts are so limited, and regarding which experiments are even now under way in charge of agricultural experts at Washington. A prominent business man asserted at the hearing that business to the value of \$500,000 a year would be vitally affected by an order of this kind. Even if restricted in Chicago, other cities would be untroubled and would get business away from that city.

The noiseless pavement will be a good thing if the drivers remember to be careful in the shopping district. One might think that many people had relatives in Mars from the way they flock to Professor Lowell's lectures. Quite appropriately there were a number of big guns at the Krupp wedding, including, among others, the Kaiser. They are comparing John B. Moran to Benjamin F. Butler, and still the shade of the latter has not yet appeared to protest. It is to be hoped that Boston will not kill Sir Thomas Lipton with kindness. If it gives him too many banquets he may need cupping. It is said by Nathan Kraus that three-fourths of the milk supply in New York should go into the river. What, and spoil the water?

Good roads and good fences are the best advertisement a section can have. They attract buyers and increase the value of real estate.

No wonder Margaret Anglin got mad when she was persistently pursued by an insane man. She wasn't looking for an advertisement, either.

The ignorant farmer has to scotch for a living harder and harder every year, but as for ignorant knowledge and skill are worth more than ever before in these times.

Many level-headed farmers believe more and more in sheep. Sheep will both feed and clothe a man, which is more than can be said of other farm animals.

Send for such experiment station bulletins as you think will be useful. Most stations will gladly mail to outsiders the surplus copies not required within their own State.

Many a family who are scared half out of their senses at every thunderstorm will run a hundredfold greater risk from dirty wells and malarious swamp holes without a sign of alarm.

The country fair should be bright, lively and attractive, but free from fakirs and gamblers. The practical education idea should never be lost sight of in arranging the exhibit.

Good farm schools and colleges are better than appropriations from the national treasury to buy cheap seeds to kill weeds or drive out bugs. Better help farmers to help themselves.

Gorky is going to write a book about this country when he gets home, and there will be, no doubt, a good deal of verbal dynamite in his blowing up. Please don't attack our morals, Maxim.

The Cubans have had their revolution, and now they must pay for it out of the \$13,000,000 that President Palma left in the treasury. The question now arises, was the game worth the candle?

During the autumn months the farmer should be a merchant and spend well to the sale of his products. It is the dividend season on the farm, and at least half the success depends on good selling.

Extremes meet. In 1910 Vancouver will have an Occidental Oriental Exhibition. That's the time when the West will be East and the East will be West. What a round world we live on anyway.

The best housewife living cannot make a happy home for a cranky, cross-grained, fussy husband. A good crop of happiness depends on disposition; well weeded and cultivated, but not well harrowed.

Sometimes it seems possible to become a good farmer from habit. That is one reason why successful farmers are so many of them the sons of good farmers. They early got into the right rut and stayed there.

Lillian Russell's daughter Dorothy is seeking a divorce from Mr. Kinselin. The fair Lillian with a divorceable daughter! Can such a thing be and overcome as like a summer cloud without our special wonder?

The new evening dress coat in London will be a blue swallow-tail with brass buttons. That will be the real Daniel Webster coat, which ex-Mayor Curtis' father used to wear, and it is to be hoped that the buff waistcoat will go with it.

In all the useless expenditures that are made by the city governments it should be remembered that the tax-payers have to foot the bill, and that comparatively little comes out of the pockets of the officials, judging by the amount of property they own.

Sam Lewis did better than Al Adams.

buyers should visit the farm several times under different conditions, of weather and approach the farm from different directions.

Something may be learned from actual observation. The farmer who is not a farmer at all, but who is a farmer in name only, is a most unpleasant thing. The farmer who is not a farmer at all, but who is a farmer in name only, is a most unpleasant thing. The farmer who is not a farmer at all, but who is a farmer in name only, is a most unpleasant thing.

The size of the farm is not the only thing to be considered. Healthfulness, lightness, nearness to schools, churches, neighbors and markets are of great importance. The size of the farm is not the only thing to be considered. Healthfulness, lightness, nearness to schools, churches, neighbors and markets are of great importance.

South American Potatoes. The chronicle of one of the old Spanish travelers, published in 1533, says: "The people of Peru eat a tuberous root which they call papa."

Each farm is a problem by itself, and its advantages and drawbacks sum up just a little different from any other farm. To size up a farm is very much like judging show animals. It needs not only an expert to get at the conditions and place them in the right proportion, but it needs something like the score-card system to assign values and reckon up the various points at their true value.

Real estate agents say that buyers often decide by a few surface indications and forget to ask about the water supply, for instance, on a dairy farm, or about the presence of malaria, or about a farm for conditions of health, and take little note of cellar and storage facilities, actual value of standing lumber, drainage conditions, and the like.

The story of the introduction of the potato into France has been often told. The country people were so convinced of the poisonous nature of the tuber that they would not give it a trial. Its friends were actually mobbed for trying to introduce a food that would poison the people.

How many people in Hartford, when they take up the menu card and their eye rests on the words "French" "leg" "steak" think how this toothsome delicacy is secured for the market, and what manner of persons they are that engage in the cultivation of this delicious food?

On the farm, the potato is a most important crop. It is a food that is not only delicious, but it is also a most important crop. It is a food that is not only delicious, but it is also a most important crop.

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APPLES AND ONIONS WANTED CHAPIN BROS. 100 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

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APPLES Ship to us and get highest market prices. PROMPT RETURNS. Write for weekly market report. P. H. WALL & CO. CLINTON AND FULTON STS., BOSTON. Reference: Mercantile Agency.

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CORNED BEEF We are only FRESH BEEF, and then nothing but the best. WE GUARANTEE THE QUALITY. Every body orders again, as the CORNED BEEF is as good as new. Write for prices—will answer promptly. GEO. NYE COMPANY SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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BARRELS FOR SALE. Coopers for Apples. F. O. B. Boston on receipt of price. E. J. GILMORE, 39 OAK ST., BOSTONVILLE, MASS.

BERKSHIRES Fit to top your herd or add to its matrons. Of all ages and best prize-winning strains. Address: ALEX. M. FULFORD, Bel Air, Md.

4,000,000 Peach Trees June Buds a Specialty. Tennessee Wholesale Nurseries. No agents traveled, but sell direct to planters at wholesale prices. Absolutely free from disease and true to name. Write for catalogue and prices before placing your order elsewhere. We guarantee our stock true to name. Largest Peach Nursery in the South. Address: J. C. HALE, Winchester, Tenn.

Certain Water Supply. You are not at the mercy of the wind with a reliable little power like this. Besides pumping any quantity of water it will do a world of other farm work for you. It's a JAGER GASOLINE ENGINE. JAGER & CO., 225 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. Providence, R. I. Office, 22 Canal Street.

The MORRIS NURSERIES In business since 1949, with an excellent reputation, offer a full line FRUIT TREES ORNAMENTAL TREES EVERGREENS, VINES, ETC. of different sizes. Write for a Catalogue to THE MORRIS NURSERY CO., WESTCHESTER, CHESTER CO., PA.

C. S. Pratt's Summer and 1906 Fall Catalogue PLANTS, SHRUBS, VINES, ETC. POT GROWN STRAWBERRY PLANTS. READING, MASS.

Poetry.

BUT NOT TODAY.

Away with sorrow, until the morrow,
Then I will entertain
The grimed ghost, in all the host
Of sorrow's endless chain;
But not today, I'm far away
Where nature beams and smiles,
Where scarlet lilies and golden fringes
Of autumn's balmy aisles.

Away with trouble, Fate's ugly double
Which much my presence haunts—
Tomorrow bring your poison sting
And with these I will jaunt,
But not today. Another way
My footsteps shall incline
Where the harlequin to the golden-rod,
Leaves nature's countenance.

Time away remove, on whose face across,
The hateful menses burn;
If I must grieve, and yet receive,
Then when the morrow turns—
But not today—while echoes play
The harvest's jubilee,
A merry maiden, with burden laden,
Sings of the sea.

Time away! away!—this glorious day
My shadow shall contain
The morn of autumn's sheen,
The sun's fair domain;
But these days—thru' upland ways
Where plenty reigns supreme—
Hear the harvest song as it peals along,
Where sunset glories gleam.

GEORGE HERBERT.

ELITE HEART.

I face the sun and cannot see
My shadow on the grass;
The hours are all too sweet for me
To count them as they pass.

A little older by day
I grow, but I'm not
That age has never found the way
To touch my heart's glad youth.

I could live a thousand years
I still should be the boy
Taught early to forget the tears
And to hold fast to joy.

And if I read the world aright
While journeying along,
I get just as here to find delight
In life and love and song.

The bird that sings, the bud that blows
And I alike, each one
Heeds not how far the shadow goes
So long as shines the sun.

—Franklin Sherman, in N. Y. Sun.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

Adown the leafy lane of time,
By vehicle of roving rhyme,
To the Land of Long Ago!

Here shadows underneath the trees
Are love's immortal memories,
And faintly echo down the breeze
Sweet vocal ghosts of melodies.

From the Land of Long Ago
Here every sorrow disappears;
Here hope is king, and with no tears
In his domain, nor any fears.

But years are days and days are years
In the Land of Long Ago.

Here thrives no rank and woody haze,
Here friendship dwells in noble state;
Oh, he is master of his fate
Who can unlock the narrow gate.

Oh the Land of Long Ago!
If any man of there be
Whose heart is pure, whose soul is free
He shall possess the golden key.

To pass him in, with you and me,
To the Land of Long Ago!

By vehicle of roving rhyme,
Adown the leafy lane of time,
To the Land of Long Ago.

—New York Sun.

THOUGHTS OF THE COMMAND.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"
So the parson preaches;
That's one-half the D-decalogue,
So the parson preaches.

Half my duty I consider
With but little labor,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit that
To my self-denial;
Not to love him, though, might be
Something of a denial.

Why, the rosy light that peeps
Through the glass above her
Lingers 'round her lips—see
'Tis the sunbeams love her.

So, to my neighbor's merit
I'll go beyond the letter;
Love my neighbor as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.

For she's sweeter than the breath
Of the spring that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn breast
Of the little beauty.

Once again success has crowned
My missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.

—George Augustus Baker.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

I haven't much faith in the man who complains
Of the work he has chosen to do,
He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains,
And—maybe—a hypocrite, too.

He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob;
Away with the man who finds fault with his job
But give me the man with the sun in his face,
And the shadows all dancing behind;

Who can meet his reverence with calmness and ease,
And never forgets to be kind;
For whether he's welding a sceptre or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—John L. Shroy, in Lippincott's.

Brilliant.

Keep, Lord, Thy child in poverty
If wealth must dim his eyes
To the beauties of Thy pictured earth,
To the glory of Thy skies.

And in Thy mercy send defeat
If victory's fruit must be
Indifference to his neighbor's need—
If victory cost him Thee.

—Charles F. Saunders.

We are all weak, but weaker
Hold no one than thou art,
Then as thou growest weaker,
Higher will go thy heart.

—George MacDonald.

Our love is not a fading, earthly flower;
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, sown by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth presently to fresher beauty rise;

To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack luscious green,
Our summer hearts make summer's foliage bare
Where buds or buds, or blossoms may be seen;

For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love—whose forgetfulness is beauty's doom—
Whose mystic key these cells of thought and I
Into the infinite freedom open.

And moves the body's dark and narrow grate
The wind-lunged leaves of Heaven's own palace
gate.

—James Russell Lowell.

The population of the United States on
Oct. 1 was 85,000,000 and the circulation per
capita \$3.08, according to a Treasury statement.

The general stock of money in the United States
increased by \$37,646,054 since Sept. 1, the
amount on Oct. 1 being stated at \$3,164,728,481.

Miscellaneous.

Too Many Cooks.

The "country cook" stood in the line at the
back of the school building, and shaded her
eyes from the sun, which was setting in a bank
of purple clouds. In her trim black gown, with
the starched apron and dainty white gloves,
she looked as fresh as though she were from the
Kingston College of Cookery had but that instant
turned her out, armed with the diploma that
secured her appointment under the County
Council. At the present moment, she also
possessed a very important item, the name of
which lay in a note she held in her hand.

Viva Kerr read the ill-spelled letter once
more and sighed. It was her custom to hold a
weekly demonstration and lecture at the remote
town of Hillstone, and on these occasions
Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a local postmaster,
acted as her assistant. At the moment when
she had completed all her preparations for the
class, a short-headed boy had appeared with
the disturbing letter.

"Dear Madam," it ran. "I'm sorry to say
I'm ill with the sore throat, so I cannot oblige
you tonight, and being so late I can't find you
so one else will be coming, him being up at the
supper's table in the house, so will be handy and
useful, and I've sent him word this minute, so
he will be sure to oblige you. Yours obediently,
Sarah Thompson."

The village clock struck eight, and still Viva
waited for her assistant. Apparently, the obliging
youth omitted punctuality from his stock of
virtues. As the last stroke died away, and the
girl turned to go inside the schoolhouse, a man
rode furiously down the lane on a bicycle.

The machine was old and battered, and, like the
clothes of the rider, had seen better days. Viva
saw a dark, youthful face, and noted that the
fleshy on his old cap and the white neckcloth,
twisted round his throat in place of collar, gave
the man more the appearance of a groom than
that of an indoor servant.

"Are you from the Hall? Stop this instant!"
she called out in a very peremptory manner.
The man stared, but jumped off his bicycle.
"Yes, I'm Hall," he said, gazing at the girl.

"Viva hardly heard the answer.

"I've been waiting ages," she said, in an ag-
grieved manner. "I was told to expect you at
the cookery class tonight."

"Cookery class?" The man's countenance
cleared. "Yes, I did promise something," he
began, but he spoke to Viva's back.

"Follow me quickly, and don't waste time,"
she directed.

There was a smile on the man's face, as he
obeyed these instructions, but when he had
passed the door of the schoolhouse, the girl
faded to a genuine look of fear.

The room was large and bare. On a raised
platform stood a gas stove, and on the table
there was a collection of cooking utensils and
provisions. All this was harmless enough, but
what brought the beautiful girl to Hall's face and
fixed it there was the fact that the room was
simply packed with the pettiest brigades—most
of them young, and a fair proportion quite
pretty.

Notebooks in hand, they sat round on the
forms. Some looked bored, and were obviously
there under protest, while others were so eager
in their search after new recipes that they did
not need a ring to label them "Battered."

All of them stared at the masculine intruder.
The charming cook stepped on to the platform.

"I'm exceedingly sorry to be late in starting,"
she said, "but my assistant kept me waiting.
However, we will lose no more time."

She hurriedly gave out the initial recipe, and
then turned to the thoroughly alarmed Hall.

"You'd better have this on," she observed,
and then she started to tie a very servicable
looking apron about him. Hall placed desperate
hands to restrain her.

"Not for worlds!" he exclaimed, "and really,
Miss—"

The black eyebrows arched themselves in a
diabolical manner.

"It is simply to save your clothes," she re-
marked coolly. "If I'm such an accident on the
I—I do not mind wearing an apron, surely
you need not object."

Hall felt himself dwindling visibly.

"Look here, Miss—or," he began, "I really
must explain. You're making a mistake. Do
listen! I don't know what you expect me to do,
and—"

He stopped in despair, for Viva, who noticed
that the class was waiting, cut in hurriedly.

"Don't you see you're waiting?" she cried.
"I've been hindered and bothered
enough as it is, without you. You don't know
what to do? Simply do as I tell you. I don't
expect more. You might surely try and help,
instead of putting obstacles in my way."

Hall looked at her. Anger had deepened her
flush to a deep carnation color, and her gray
eyes had deepened to purple pansies. A sudden
admiration glowed in his face.

"If you put it like that, of course, I'll do all
I can," he said, and Viva nodded, she noticed
now that the class shaven face had deceived
her. Her assistant was an older man than she
had originally taken him to be.

"Evidently stupid and can't get on," was her
deduction. Then, absorbed in her work, she
forgot all about her assistant. For his part, he
watched her with amusement.

"That's a young madam," he decided, as her
high-pitched voice laid down the law on the
science of cookery. The slight element of
authority which her position gave her was evi-
dently pleasing to the girl, but her rigorous
grace and the energy with which she worked
made Hall gaze at her with pleasure, while he
mechanically tried to cope with her abrupt de-
mands for "bowl" or "spoon." Suddenly, as
she was about to place a dish on the stove, she
met his gaze, and the admiration made her
redden with annoyance.

"Just watch this pastry, and turn down the
gas in five minutes time, exactly," she com-
manded as she turned away.

Her recipes were the simplest, and were evi-
dently selected to meet the needs of a rural
population. Baked haddock and cottage pie did
not prove inspiring, so once again Hall watched
the wavy black hair, and marked the play of the
mobile features in dreamy content.

"Are these ready?"

Viva's high-pitched voice suddenly broke his
reverie. Hall gave a guilty start of horror.

"I'm afraid," he murmured, "he remembered."
Never before in his life had he been so thor-
oughly afraid of a woman, and his knees nearly
broke as, with the air of an empress, Viva
passed him to the oven. She banged open
the door and slammed down on the table a tray
of blackened pastry, while Hall heartily wished
the ground would swallow him up, and mingle
his ashes with the sympathetic dust of King
Alfred.

"You see the result of my past poetry," he said.

The country cook's face vibrated with anger.

"This is exceedingly annoying, as they were
specially ordered for a supper party tonight,
and we help to meet our expenses in that way.
I suppose this is all right, but at the same time,
I must say that if one cannot expect anything but
ignorance from inexperienced people, one has a
right to expect ordinary common sense."

The look she gave poor Hall seemed suddenly
to freeze him up, for he raised his drooping head.

"I'm exceedingly sorry for the accident," he
said, "and as I gather some inconvenience in my
result, will you kindly allow me to make good
the deficiency?"

The class stared at the speaker, and Viva
Kerr's eyes opened in surprise. This was not
the kind of speech she had expected from an
assistant, but her astonishment was quickly
swallowed up in a greater wonder.

The assistant had promised himself a hearty
laugh and upon began a series of rapid move-
ments. Eggs commenced to crack as though by
magic; sugar sizzled, and in a moment, steam
and sprays of vapor enveloped the kitchen.

The deaf design seemed every minute to be
knocking, waiting, melting with uncertain still,
while the class gazed in astonishment. They
had the feeling of watching a performance
which should have progressed to show something
appetizing. When the last flourish was properly
performed, the assistant turned to the
audience with a smile.

"As I am about fifteen years out of practice
I hope you will wait about ten minutes to see
if I have improved myself."

He need not have troubled. The class had no

A BATCH OF BERRY AND PROMISING YOUNGSTERS.

Young English Setter of Linfield Range strain. Kennel of E. B. Barrett,
Indianapolis, Ind.

intention of disbanding until it had seen those
tartlets emerge from the crowd. And when after
a short time they appeared from that dervish
to be subjected to the better order of the ser-
vice of fifty pairs of eyes, a storm of enthu-
siasm and admiration arose. Such a triumph of
cockery had never been witnessed in Hillstone
before.

And the country cook knew it, too! She saw
the room grow empty, as the class melted away
and she was at last left alone with her assistant,
she looked at him with inquiring eyes; all her
self assertion had vanished, and it even seemed
to Hall as though the starch had gone out of
her apron.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"There, now you would not let me explain,
I'm Adrian Hall, from the Colonial Hotel."

Viva gasped. She knew the name. Only the
previous week a magazine had published an in-
terview with the celebrated Adrian Hall—an ar-
tist in his special line, and the head chef in
England, or, as some asserted in Europe, who,
after a varied career, had proved himself a very
genius in the culinary art. She had read of his
army of chefs and subordinates, and his princely
income, and on top of the recollection came
another. She had given him a demonstration of
cockery.

"You see, I only got a holiday about once in
five years, and was here fishing. Met the squire,
and he invited me to his preserve. He hap-
pened to mention that he had put in one at-
tendance at the cookery class, and I offered to
look in for him," went on Hall.

Viva's sign was indicative of the resignation of
despair.

"Well, I suppose I've quite done for myself
in Hillstone," she said. "To begin with, I've
made a laughing stock of myself. Then, of
course, you'll tell the squire all you've seen."

"Yes, I know that once was burned, though I
don't say it was the coloring. And there's worse
than that."

"Still worse?" Hall was heartless enough to
laugh in the face of such a tragedy.

"Yes—worse," was the reply. "I—I told you
to take him from me, but he refused to do so."

Here the tears fell, but Hall affected not to see
them.

"Anyway," he said, "you've taken me on as
an assistant, and he's here to stay. Now I'm
going to stick up in the orthodox way
by washing up. Won't you help me?"

So Viva took a towel and helped him, just
as a year later she helped him to tie the names
of "Viva" and "Adrian" on a wedding cake.

Doubt's Department.

A LAUGH.

Oh, little Afterthought, I wish
You had not come to me,
For with myself I otherwise
Quite content should be.

You're excellent, but I deplore
That you should not have come before.

Why is it that you are not prompt,
But saunter in instead
When all the things I've done are done,
And all I've said is said?

Oh, nonsense you say it's worst;
Don't come, unless you come at first!

—Katie Ward, in Life.

A Short Sermon.

When Archbishop French was Dean of West-
minster, he delegated Canon Cureton to preach
on certain saints' days to boys of the Westminster
school. The boys attended the service and
then had the rest of the day as a holiday. While
Mr. Cureton, on the morning of the day he was
to officiate, was looking over his sermon at the
breakfast table, his son asked in a tone vibrating
with anxiety, "Father, in your long sermon
today?" "No, Jimmy, not very."

"How long? Please tell me." "Well, about
twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you
so anxious to know?" "Because, father, the
boys say they will threaten me awfully if you are
more than half an hour."

A New Version.

"Give an account of the life of Haman!"
was one of the questions in an examination of
the eighth grade pupils recently.

"Haman," wrote one youngster, "was one
of the patriarchs of the Jewish race. He was an
African in the battle of San Juan Hill."

He helped to write the Constitution and by
Laws and fought a twenty round draw with
Aaron Burr. He afterward built the Haman
and St. Joe Railroad, but he died a poor man
because Flompton Gates beat him out of it."

Woman's Home Companion.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do
today.

Never trouble another for what you can do
yourself.

Never spend your money before you have made
it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is
cheap.

Remember more than hunger, thirst and cold.
We seldom regret of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain the evils that have never hap-
pened have cost us.

When angry, count ten before you speak;
when very angry, count a hundred.

Source of Bird Names.

One of the most remarkable of the birds whose
names are derived from the sounds they make is
the one named in Australia. It is designated as
the "whistling bird," and is much more than
anything else, in New Zealand there is an owl
which has the same euphonious designation.

The meadow bird of Australia, belongs to the
family of nightjars. When frightened this bird
has the peculiar habit of uttering itself in a
flood of notes, sometimes sweet and sometimes
harsh as a fence rail, a log or a rock, whatever it
may be at the moment. Its color of plumage is
harmonious with its surroundings, and it would
scarcely be noticed by the casual observer.

In this country the whistling bird is perhaps
the best known of the birds whose names are
derived from the sounds they make. It is called
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No More Cold Rooms

